

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,

REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

AS THE COMPASS IS TO THE MARINER, SO IS POLITE LITERATURE TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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VOL. I.

FOREIGN SCENES AND TRAVELLING RECREATIONS.

THESE sketches combine much amusement and information; evidently written by an eye witness of each scene's comforts and inconveniences. Life in India bears every mark of *vraisemblance*; but, however amusing, is too long for extract.—However, tales of danger and marvellous escape are always attractive; and the following anecdotes of the West Indian Pirates, are romantic enough for the most determined novelist.

"A small American brig, commanded by Captain Smichton, and bound for Jamaica, fell in with a pirate schooner off the coast of Cuba. The brig's crew did not exceed seven in number, and therefore resistance was useless, as her assailant mustered forty or fifty men, and had a swivel gun, besides small arms. The former was, therefore, at once boarded by the negroes, who were proceeding to transfer part of her cargo to their own vessel, when Captain S. recognised their leader as having once acted as ship-steward under his command. The pirate did not hesitate to acknowledge the circumstance, and immediately ordered his crew to desist from plundering, and to return quietly on board the schooner. They murmured at this, declaring that it was contrary to the agreement they had made with him on entering his service. But he persisted; and at length a mutiny took place, and they attacked the American crew, and soon succeeded in binding and disarming them, though not before Captain S., aided by his pirate friend, had wounded two of the negroes. The two commanders were now in momentary expectation of being put to death; however, the blacks, after deliberating for some time, let down the brig's jolly boat, and ordered them to embark without delay, and to row away out of sight as fast as possible. Captain S. and his guardian steward did not attempt to resist complying with this tyrannical measure, but immediately got on board, and began to work their oars vigorously; for on looking back, they saw three muskets pointed at them, as indicative of the reception they were to expect if they offered to return to the brig or schooner.

"All this occurred about mid-day.—When they had gone about three miles distant from the vessels, they saw both get under way and put out to sea, though they could not discover what arrangements had previously taken place between their respective crews in order to accomplish this. They now, for the first time, entered into conversation. Captain S. felt rather uncomfortable when he reflect-

ed that he had been the cause of his companion's misfortune, and began to fear that the generous feeling which the black hero had at first displayed towards him, would soon be converted into hostility and rage. However, he was mistaken; for the negro, after expressing a violent degree of resentment against his crew, told the captain to have no fears for his safety, as he would, in the course of the night, land him on the coast of Cuba, which was then in sight; and added, that as he had formerly treated him well when under his command, he would show himself sensible of this, by assisting and protecting him to the utmost of his power.

"After a night of hard and constant rowing, they gained a solitary part of the shore of Cuba, and immediately disembarked. The pirate-chief having moored the boat, proceeded in silence up a dark and rocky ravine, full of brushwood, and unmarked by any path-way. He seemed, however, to be well acquainted with the spot, and hurried on so fast that his companion could scarcely keep pace with him. They at length saw a light glimmering at a distance, on which the negro immediately whistled, and in a few moments after they were close beside some huts of the most simple construction, and meanest appearance. Captain S. entered one of them with his guide, and to his astonishment, saw two negro women, several men, and some children, all of whom hastened to meet and welcome the latter, whose arrival was altogether unexpected. The pirate having held some conversation with the party, in a language which his guest did not understand, the two females set about preparing a repast. 'One of these women,' said the negro, 'is my wife; I live here when not at sea; I have merchandize and money in these huts; but this place is so secret, that were you now on the sea-shore, you could not find your way to it without a guide.' They soon seated themselves at table, and had a comfortable meal placed before them. Captain S. observed, that though the parties were perfectly civil to him, their behaviour was without obsequiousness, embarrassment, or timidity, and that, if they had once known slavery they had effectually cast off its degradations. The meal being concluded, the pirate showed his guest where he was to sleep, and left him alone. However he roused him before dawn, and conducted him to the beach, where two mules were standing saddled, with a negro in charge of them. 'This man,' said the pirate, 'will conduct you through the woods to a small town, twenty miles distant, where you will find means of proceeding wherever you choose. I know you have lost every thing. Take this to

assist you.' So saying he put a small bag of dollars into Captain S.'s hand, and was out of sight in a moment. The former mounted his mule, and, after a fatiguing journey through almost impassable thickets, reached his place of destination late in the evening. When about to part from his attendant, he offered him some money, but the man refused it, and went off immediately. Captain S. never afterwards saw or heard of his pirate-friend; but was led to believe, from some circumstances that came to his knowledge, that he was apprehended at sea, and executed in the United States, about a year and a half subsequent to the events above related.—

"The Spanish government have lately endeavoured to form settlements on the shores of Cuba, by offering a certain quantity of uncultivated land to all foreigners who are willing to emigrate to the West Indies. Some years ago a Frenchman, from the southern states of America, made a plantation on the coast of the island.—He had fifteen or sixteen negroes, and these he employed in raising tobacco; but was so severe a task-master that his slaves hated him, and were discontented and unhappy. The country around his estate being very wild, and totally without population, they never tried to escape, because they knew that they would, in all probability, perish in the woods while making the attempt. However, after some time, two negroes suddenly disappeared; the strictest search proved unavailing, and their owner was unable to trace them a single step beyond his plantations. In the course of the week several more were missing in the same inexplicable way; and the Frenchman began to suspect that those who remained with him were accessory to the escape of the fugitives. The former, however, would not confess any thing, although urged by threats, and afterwards punished in the severest manner. All this seemed merely to accelerate what it was intended to prevent. The slaves went off daily, till only a few of the weakest and oldest remained. The planter found himself on the brink of ruin, being unable to cultivate his estate from the want of negroes, and without money to purchase a new supply. His house was situated on the bank of a small river, which was navigable for light boats, from its mouth upwards, as far as his plantation. One night after he had gone to bed, he heard the noise of oars, and on looking out saw a boat full of men approaching. He had scarcely time to imagine who they were, before they leaped on shore, and seized and bound him, and then proceeded to his house and stores, and laid hold of every thing that was va-

luable, and carried their booty to the boat. The Frenchman, after recovering himself a little, perceived that most of the robbers were his runaway slaves; but they themselves told him so, and reminded him of his former cruelties, and threatened to burn his house. This proposal, however, was overruled by the person who commanded the marauders, all of whom soon after embarked quietly with their plunder, and rowed down the river safe from molestation. It appeared that the crew of a pirate vessel had some time before landed on the coast, near the Frenchman's plantation, to get a supply of water, and that one of his slaves had fallen in with them, and had been induced to join their party. He had afterwards visited his former associates, and persuaded them to abandon their master, that they might not only escape his tyranny, but eventually return, and take their revenge, by committing the outrage now described. * * *

"A pirate vessel once attacked a sloop, the crew of which made violent and unexpected resistance; but it proved unavailing, and she was soon boarded by her assailants, who showed themselves inclined to proceed to extremities of every kind. The master of the sloop, unfortunately, had his wife with him. She remained below decks, while her husband stood by the gangway, and endeavoured to prevent the negroes from descending to the cabin; however, he was immediately knocked down and murdered. The female saw this, and, aware that she now had no one to protect her, rushed, in a state of desperation, into the hold, which communicated with the cabin, by a small door in the bulk-head. Her first impulse was, to open a large empty chest that had once held wine, and to take refuge in it, and to close the lid, in which there happened to be a chink large enough to admit air.—Here she lay in total darkness, scarcely daring to breathe, and listening with intense anxiety to the noise made by the people above. She heard enough to convince her that the work of death was going on, and that the pirates had murdered many of the ship's crew. Comparative quietness soon succeeded, and the hatch being removed, the negroes came down to the hold, and lifted up a variety of bales and boxes upon deck, and sent them on board their own vessel. Among other things, they seized the chest in which she lay concealed, thinking, doubtless, that it contained bottled wine. Her terror was so great that she would have discovered herself had not the suffocating closeness of her prison deprived her of the power of utterance. However, she felt herself lowered into a boat, and then swung on board the pirate schooner, and eventually consigned to the hold with other articles of plunder.

"The pirates soon got under way, and were so busy in attending to the navigation of their vessel, that night came on without their examining any of their booty. The lady was in the mean time contemplating the horrors of her situation, and

deliberating what she ought to do. If she remained in concealment she would soon perish of hunger. And if she discovered herself, she would be a victim to the insults and brutality of the negroes. She at length determined to pursue a middle course, and to seek an opportunity of disclosing herself to the pirate-captain when none of the crew were present.—She had some hopes of accomplishing this, for she naturally enough supposed that the hold of the schooner communicated with the cabin in the same way as in her husband's vessel. When she supposed, from the surrounding stillness, that midnight was approaching, she liberated herself from her wooden prison. Total darkness prevailed, except near a chink through which a faint light appeared. She groped her way to the spot, and found that her guiding beacon was the key-hole of the door of which she was in search. It yielded to her hand, and afforded access to the cabin, as she expected. On passing forwards she found the pirate-chief asleep on a couch, with a lamp on a table beside him. Having secured the gangway door, she awaked him as gently as possible;—but the moment he cast his eyes upon her he started up, uttered a cry of fear, and endeavoured to rush out of the cabin.—She fell at his feet, and explained quickly who she was, and how she had been brought on board his vessel, and implored his protection. The negro, on recovering from his first alarm, listened attentively to what she had said, and then after a little hesitation, told her that he had not sufficient control over his men to prevent them from insulting her, and that her only security lay in her continuing in her former concealment, till she found an opportunity of leaving the schooner. He promised to supply her with food during her imprisonment, and to put her on shore, or on board some vessel, as soon as he found it possible to do so. He now conducted her to the hold, and, having placed the chest in a spot less likely to be disturbed than any other, left her, and shortly returned with food and wine. The female remained two days in this state, undiscovered by the crew, and regularly visited by the captain, who supplied her abundantly with the necessaries of life. She had the liberty of moving about the hold all night, but was obliged to take refuge in her prison during the day, every place between decks being then exposed to the visits of the negroes. At length the pirate came in sight of a Spanish coasting boat; and, having made her heave to, he at once brought his female passenger on deck, to the indescribable astonishment of his people, and embarked her without opposition in the stranger vessel, to the master of which he gave some money, with directions that their charge should be put on shore the moment they got into port.—The Spanish seamen fulfilled these injunctions, by landing the lady at Havana next morning."

So much for these sketches; which must interest every reader.

From the new work of the Marquis di Salvo.

"*Lord Byron en Italie et en Grece,*" &c.

Amongst the original matter, in form of anecdote, with which this interesting work abounds, the following story is found.

"LORD BYRON, walking one day with M. di Salvo, on the side of the Grand Canal, opposite the Shavoni, observed two young women, of the lower class, one of them tall, the other, who supported her companion, of the middle size; her appearance was decent, her features dazzlingly beautiful. For a moment she fixed her eyes upon the two strangers, as if to examine them; and there was in her air something too noble and too impressive to fail in awakening the curiosity of the Poet.—He has confessed himself, that he was disconcerted by it. He approached her nevertheless, and inquired her situation.—'By what right do you question me?' said she, stopping. 'In the hope of being useful to you.' 'How? by giving me money? I do not ask it of you! What has inspired you of being useful to me? My face. But I have never made it the means of profit. When I want I make use of my hands; I work, and need depend on no one.' This language confirmed the curiosity of Lord Byron, who immediately determined not to lose sight of this singular being. Without replying to observations too much stamped with the character of independence for him to hazard an attack on them, he asked her if she could read. The demand surprised her; she mused a moment. 'What a strange question?'—she replied. 'Who are you?' 'I am the Englishman who inhabits the old abbey of the Palazzo Mocenigo. 'It is you, then,' said she, regarding him fixedly, 'who have given a pension to the family of a poor man who lost his life in saving your dog?' These words produced considerable agitation in Lord Byron; his emotion had a soothing effect on the pride of the young person, and as he made her no answer, she hastened to satisfy his curiosity: 'I can read,' said he, 'in my own language;' and she uttered these words in a tone which betrayed the wish to expiate the fault of having awakened in him a painful remembrance. As this conversation was taking place in the street, Lord Byron closed it, by requesting her to accompany him home; and she complied. There was something very enigmatical in the expression of the young Venitian; so much hauteur of character, as, in spite of the abject state to which she was reduced, commanded and inspired a sentiment, which, if it was not respect, closely resembled it. Arrived at the Palazzo Mocenigo, Lord Byron gave orders for her suitable accommodations; he wished to rescue her from the dangers to which her situation exposed her. When the domestic retired, Celina, averting her eyes, said, 'Then I must never more quit this house. Once having entered it, I have lost the right to re-appear beyond its walls.' And having thus said, she followed Baptiste, nor on that day did Lord Byron see her

again. 'I shall never, while I live,' said the noble poet, 'forget the expression of her countenance when she quitted me.' Lord Byron lost no time in procuring for her a complete and elegantly furnished wardrobe, anticipating her delight, which he doubted not would be excessive.—What then was his astonishment, when she entered his chamber, and in a very decided tone, told him she would only accept from him the most simple dress, and that he ought to beware how he offered her such finery. 'It is true,' she said, 'that being under your roof, it is necessary I should be properly dressed, but I came hither by choice, I did not sell myself.—Beyond what is strictly proper, I accept nothing. I do not wish to be adorned: I only desire to be dressed.' Lord Byron mistook this for a manœuvre to obtain still more from him; and therefore, a few days afterwards, presented her with a beautiful watch. Celina snatched it from him, and threw it on the floor disdainfully, repeating, 'Sir, I do not sell myself! What need have I to know the hour? I know when you go out, and when you return—for the rest, my time is my own, and why should I reckon it?' A valuable necklace, Lord Byron would fain have presented shared the fate of the watch. 'You would adorn me,' she would often say; 'but I am resolved to maintain what I am:—when I wandered in the streets I was poor, but I beheld my country, and said within myself, she is like me, why should I seek a different destiny.' Celina never suffered it to appear that she was flattered either by the praises or the attentions of Lord Byron; when she entered his apartment it was always as one who knew how to be respected, and, which was somewhat singular, she never seemed disconcerted by conversation, however beyond the level of her information it might be. Lord Byron had quitted the town for a little excursion, by sea, beyond the Lagunes; he was not returned, the night came on dark and threatening, and a violent storm arose. Celina, terrified by his absence, ran along the bank of the canal calling on his name—the rain fell in torrents: nothing stopped her; she never felt it; at length she heard the gondoliers; she listened, and knew his voice. 'It is himself' she cried; that exclamation escaped her, but instead of staying to perform a touching and brilliant scene of sighs and faintings, she flew to her chamber, changed her dress, and assumed an air of calmness. Lord Byron arrived: 'Are you here?' he exclaimed, 'I heard you, you called me!' 'No,' replied she coldly. He could not believe her; he conceived, that as she had heard him express horror for every species of sentimental scene, she wished to conceal from him the one she had been acting;—but her's was not acting. Lord Byron at length arrived at the truth, and found that Celina had not been able to resist her inquisitiveness; he touched her hair, it was wet, he was convinced. Perceiving herself discovered, Celina forbade him ever to utter a single word in allusion to the cir-

cumstance, and he obeyed. This woman exercised, by means of her character, a sort of magic power, and we may well believe Lord Byron was indebted to her for his aversion to the pleasures of Venice.—'But for her,' said he to one of his friends, 'I might have become one of the fops of the Cafe Florian—who knows? Perhaps even a Cicisbeo.' If the character of Celina had had in it less to excite fear, she might have fixed herself in his fancy, but he was actually afraid of her. On one occasion, when business had obliged him to be for a few days absent, his surprise may be imagined, when, on his return, he found this woman, Celina, an individual taken from the lower class, seated at the desk, surrounded by his letters, the seals of which she had broken, and which she was employed in reading. He was speechless with astonishment: she was perfectly calm; he could scarcely contain his indignation; she regarded him with cold indifference. Lord Byron felt quite baffled by conduct so unexampled, and was at a loss how to express himself in this unwonted predicament. Celina, meanwhile, continued unperturbed; she did not consider herself to blame, and without the least agitation, told him, that attached as she was to him, no secret ought to exist between them. 'But you read English.' 'The day after I came to you, I procured a grammar, and have employed the periods of your absence in taking lessons from your domestic. It is necessary I should be acquainted with your language, since, so long as I was ignorant of it, you could be for me little more than a stranger. All my occupations have one only end, that of being able to read what you write, and to comprehend what you say to others, and what others say to you. Tell me if I understand this letter;' and she began to translate one of which she had broken the seal, to prove to him her progress. From that moment Lord Byron became terrified in examining the results to which such a character might lead—he had the weakness to apprehend a tragical *denouement*, and the strength to separate himself from her: he has since said, that 'Celina was the only woman he had ever met, capable of commanding a man, and of making him tremble.' They have her portrait at Venice, and the name of Fornaretta is given to it. The anecdote is related, because, by the acknowledgment of Lord Byron, Celina had some influence in deciding his departure from Venice."

GEOLOGY.

FROM what is actually known, it may be asserted that the *lowest and most level* parts of the earth, when penetrated to a very great depth, exhibit horizontal strata, composed of various substances, and containing, almost all of them, innumerable marine productions. Similar strata, with the same productions, compose the *hills* even to a considerable height. The shells are sometimes so numerous as to constitute the entire body of the stratum; these

are often in so perfect a state of preservation as that their sharpest ridges are retained; they are found in elevations far above the level of the ocean, and in places to which the sea could not be conveyed by any existing cause: they are sometimes enclosed in loose sand, sometimes filled or penetrated with the hardest stones. Every part of the earth, every continent, and almost every island exhibits the same phenomenon.

As we ascend to still higher points of elevation, and advance towards the lofty *summits of mountains*, the remains of marine animals, and that multitude of shells already spoken of, begin to grow rare, and at length disappear altogether. We arrive at strata of different nature, which contain no *vestige* of living creatures;—nevertheless certain circumstances observable in all these strata, in which not a trace of organic remains can be found, have induced some geologists to suppose that their bare and rugged summits, though elevated far above the strata containing shells, have also been moved or overturned.

But though, by some, these rocks are not considered to be precisely in the place and position in which they were originally deposited, they are, nevertheless, considered by geologists to be older than all other rocks; because, as they contain no animal remains, it seems reasonable to suppose that they remain unaltered, in the same state as that in which they were created; and they have consequently received from geologists the name of *primitive rocks*. Rocks of this description rise through others at various elevations, in every quarter of the globe; but in their greatest elevation, *primitive mountains* traverse our continent in various directions, rising above the clouds; separate the basins of large rivers from each other, and serving, by means of their perpetual snows, as reservoirs for feeding the springs; and forming, in some measure, the skeleton, or, as it were, the rough frame work of the earth.

ANECDOTES.

A Mayor of a small village in France, having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage in his neighbourhood who was blind of an eye, was in great embarrassment on coming to the description of his person. Fearful of offending the great man, he adopted the following ingenious expedient of avoiding the mention of his deformity. He wrote—*Black eyes, one of which is absent.*

As the officers were carrying an astrologer to the gallows, "You," said a spectator to him, "that could so perfectly read in the stars the destiny of others, how came you not to foresee your own?"—"Three times," replied the astrologer, "I cast my nativity; and three times it informed me that I should one day be elevated above others, and see every one else at my feet."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE GOSSIP—No. III.

"I hate the law, and law hates me;
"Heigh diddle, ho diddle, de diddle de."

THE Law may justly be considered as one of the noblest sciences that can occupy the study of man. It is a fabric of divine and human construction, and as such should be revered and obeyed; for without system or law, all things would be imperfect and ungovernable.

To those not acquainted with its practice, its intricacies and windings seem but so many snares to catch the ignorant and unwary; and to an uncultivated mind, its whole system appears as a work only calculated to entangle mankind, and trouble and oppress, instead of securing to them peace and happiness. Among this latter class was Bill Drilling—he looked upon the law only as a pestilence; (to use his own expression;) he immediately put himself in the law doctor's (or doctor of laws) hands, for cure.

An attorney is placed in a very precarious situation, and often has great charges on his hands, which the smallest omission on his part might entirely ruin—for instance, had I made the same mistake in drawing up Bill Drilling's plea, which the printer did in publishing it, my cause would have been ruined. I allude to the following:

"Because he says the said Costumer, on the day and year aforesaid, and not before the time mentioned in the plaintiff's second count," &c.

The above sentence should read—

"Because he says the said Harry Costumer, on the day and year aforesaid, and just before the time mentioned in the plaintiff's second count, &c."

It is for all this care, anxiety, &c. that a lawyer is paid. His office, as Bill Drilling remarks, is like an apothecary's shop; every box, desk, and pigeon hole is labelled over with some Latin expression which, like a merchant's private mark, cannot be understood except by those for whom they were intended. One would be surprised to see the multiplicity of papers used to carry on a single suit. As I am a Gossip, I will tell you a small secret in our business—what we can't work by the double rule of three, we are e'en content to make out by fractions—and thus it is, "the more scribbling, the more pay."

Bill Drilling was wonderfully surprised to see what quantity of writing was necessary, merely "for the said kick given by the said Bill Drilling to the said Harry Costumer."

At last the suit was brought before "twelve good and lawful men of the Bailiwick, to be by them determined." This, I have already mentioned, was my first suit. I took my seat at the table near the opposite counsel, when Bill whispered in my ear, that it would not be safe for two such enemies as we must be to sit so near each other, and was somewhat surprised, as well as chagrined, when I assured him we were the best of friends.

"What, (cried he) the best of friends; then good-bye to my suit—why you won't say boo to him."

"Don't you believe that—I'll tell you Bill

——No enemies we are,
But meet just like prize-fighters at a fair—
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother."

Bill commenced a whistle something like my uncle Toby, and after he was considerably calmed he exclaimed—"Heigho! put an attorney and the devil in a bag, and shake and shake them—I wonder which would come out first?"

The witnesses produced were several of those who were Bill's guests on the day of the sad accident, and were subpoenaed by the plaintiff—their evidence was just what I related occurred at the table, in my last number. Soon came the important point—the "pleading." I felt very singular indeed, and thought on my present success all my future prospects hung. I was to speak first, and there my opponent had the advantage of me.—I laid my case before the jury as modestly and eloquently as possible: I assured them my client understood that the Plaintiff called him an impudent scoundrel: I appealed to the feelings of the jury—I asked them, what they would have done in a similar situation—"placed at a table, in your house, surrounded by your own friends—to have a tradesman in such a moment present your bill before all the company, and impudently call you a scoundrel." I thought my best plan was not to be too violent, and I have since found out, by experience, my idea in that respect was correct.

The opposite counsel summed up the cause very eloquently, and insisted upon the damages laid in the declaration: he finished by calling my client every thing bad—and somewhat traduced my character. I did not mind it, but Bill swore he would thrash him the first time he caught him alone.

After all preliminaries, &c. were finished, the jury brought in a verdict of five hundred dollars, of which, Harry Costumer never saw five hundred farthings, as Bill Drilling swore he never should.—Bill soon after turned player on the stage, and being a fellow of considerable ingenuity, wit, and talent, met with much success.

HIGGINS SUBPŒNA.

THE CRESCENT MOON.

The heav'ns are gemm'd with many a star,
But brighter than the brightest far,
Behold the Crescent Moon on high,
Lighting the dark blue depth of sky.

Eastward she points her silver horn,
To greet the chambers of the morn;
Like happy hearts—which ever turn
To where Hope's glowing visions burn.

But sorrow comes, alas! too soon;
Then, like the wan and waning moon,
Which looks to the declining west,
The heart but seeks a place of rest.

L. Lit. Gazette.

THE ITINERANT—No. I.

"I am exceedingly to blame in not writing you long ago; but the truth is, I am the most indolent of all human beings; and when I matriculate on the Herald's office, I intend that the supporters shall be two sloths, my crest a slow worm, and the motto 'Deil take the foremost'." BURNS.

I AM a singular genius, born for trouble, and yet enjoying much pleasure; and although to many this may appear a paradox, it is with me a fact beyond all dispute; for as I alone feel the effects my way of living produce, and have no physical anxiety beyond the present moment, I have come to the conclusion that when any dark genii wave their protecting wings over my head, there is a Providence which, as it cannot admit of variation in its decrees, can nevertheless guard me from the effects of evil designs; that when nature cast me forth alone in the world, as I had no one to care for me, she gave me as a substitute a certain callousness of feeling towards outward affections, which renders my situation far preferable to me than if my fortune had been linked to that of others.

The mention of fortune may make any one who knows me laugh, for all who do know aver my poverty. Yet I cannot say that misfortunes occur to me often, for I do not think I ever hunted the deity with enough assiduity to miss her. Poor and contented, light in body, and not a penny in my pocket to keep out the devil, I am, perhaps, one of the most contented beings who run through life's giddy pathway, culling its every flower, and blinding themselves to its thorns.

I have said thus much of myself, because I think it just that every person who forms an acquaintance should be aware of what company he is keeping, nor trust himself carelessly with strangers, for many evil consequences might arise therefrom. My introduction being accomplished, it becomes now my duty to inform you of my objects, and the purposes which I propose by gaining access to your thoughts. As an actor, when making a first appearance before an audience, by whose judgment he must stand or fall, attain eminence in his profession, or sink to obscurity—will announce the line of drama he has chosen, and await, in fearful expectation, the moment of his debut—so stands your humble servant, in awful anticipation of the reception he is about to meet from his readers, and more particularly from the fair sex.

To say precisely what will be the tenor of those effusions, were impossible; they lay in a motley group on my table, without order or arrangement—they consist of reflections in life, various views of human nature, and extraordinary examples of any thing. You may to-day have a sermon, to-morrow a comedy. I am free to say that I shall confine myself to nothing, but giving the reins now to reason, and then to form, endeavour to acquit myself in either so as to merit, at least, no disapprobation.

I conceive it to be the first duty of a man to make use of the information he may have acquired, in such a manner as to make it most productive of happiness to himself, and of benefit to his fellow creatures; not that I would intimate that I am possessed of the requisite knowledge for the attainment of this object, but what little I do possess I am willing to give to every one, indeed I frequently do so unasked.

What is the object of man in life? It may be summed up in very few words—the attainment of happiness. But few as are these words, and simple as appears their signification, they, notwithstanding, admit of more latitude than any sentence, long or short, in the language. The reason is very evident, for although, by personifying happiness, we may seem to give it a character, and palpability, the ideas of men vary so materially with regard to their conception of it, that it may be likened to a being behind a curtain, the existence of which we know, but with whose form and attributes we are entirely unacquainted.

A man's happiness depends so entirely on the disposition of his mind, that I am frequently at a loss to conceive a reason for his not cultivating his temper with care, as a sure means of gaining the object of every desire; this, however, is so unfrequently attempted that should we search our city through, I doubt there would not one be found.

Frequent reflection on this subject has brought me to the conclusion, that as man advances towards what he calls perfection—or, in other words, as he recedes from nature, and draws nearer that artificial perfection, to the acquirement of which he bends his every energy, that in the same ratio he deviates from the true path to happiness, to follow in the broad highway of delusion, the painted banner which fades at the moment when he thinks he is most sure of its possession.

There must here be made a distinction between happiness, which consists in being satisfied with our situation, whatever it may be, and pleasure, which most generally inflicts a wound at the moment we think it has healed one. The poorest man, amidst the most laborious occupation, can find happiness when his overbearing task master knows nothing but anxiety and care. For, as I said before, it is not from the rank in society, or the situation in life that happiness emanates; but it depends entirely and exclusively on the disposition of our minds, and the light in which we have determined to view the fortunes that may befall us, whether we shall pass unruffled through the eddies and whirlpools of life's creation, or be hurried as the ship in Norway Maelstrum, around and around, hovering over destruction's brink, till we at length sink into oblivion.

PROTEUS.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou may'st injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.

LE MOULINET—No. IX.

"'Tis Education forms the common mind."

In my last number I introduced the reader to a tea-party, at Mrs. Pertly's, in Broadway; and shall now take leave to pursue the subject. The anecdote of the Scotchman, respecting Johnson's definitions, naturally led the conversation to literary subjects, on which Mr. C. and my friend Wiseacre acquitted themselves with considerable *éclat*. This stream of amusement and edification, however, was frequently cut right across, by some trifling observation relating to

Caps, and gowns, and mobs, and lace.

'What kind of tea do you prefer, Miss Prattle,' said Billy Fribble to my little cousin. 'Hyson, imperial, or gunpowder?'

'O, gunpowder, by all means; for a scandal-party,' answered Prissy;—'or how else could we blow up the reputations of our acquaintance? But tell me, why are trimmed coats confined exclusively to gentlemen of the theatre? Is it a uniform you have adopted to distinguish the members of that profession from all others?'

Mr. Fribble seemed at a loss for an answer; and my cynical friend, Wiseacre, thought proper to reply:—

'You are mistaken in the premises, I believe, Miss Prattle; braid and tags are not confined to that profession. Mr. Cox, the scourer, in Broadway, wears a coat trimmed in the same style.'

At that moment Mrs. Pertly's youngest son, a lad of eight years, entered the room, and paid his respects to the company with a grace and propriety that pleased all, and surprised many of the party.

'Now Harry, we must hear a piece,' exclaimed the forward Prissy. 'I have not heard you speak this age. I can assure you, Mr. Fribble, you will be delighted to hear him; his tone and gestures are truly theatric.'

'If Master Harry will oblige us,' said the gentleman, 'I will thank him to recite the first speech of young Norval.'

'I never learned it, sir.'

'Hamlet's soliloquy.'

'I don't know it, sir.'

'Cato's.'

'Pardon me, Mr. Fribble,' said Mr. C., 'but I should imagine the pieces you mention are far beyond his years.'

'O, sir, the memories of such children are stronger than most people are aware of.'

'I do not doubt that Master Harry might easily commit one and all of those pieces to memory, in a very short time; but his mind cannot yet be sufficiently matured to enter into the meaning and feelings of the author; and I do not believe that the little gentleman would thank us for desiring him to play the parrot before this good company.'

'Never mind the meaning and feelings of the author,' said my cousin. 'How many good speeches do we hear on the stage, where such things are never thought of—are they Mr. Fribble?'

'We are never forfeited for our ignorance in that respect,' replied the player. 'If we give the author's words, our contract with the manager is not violated.'

'Were it not so,' observed Wiseacre, 'it would be a starving profession.'

Miss Pertly now desired her little brother to recite Dr. Watt's Juvenile Acknowledgement of Divine Favours, which he did, with such just emphasis and appropriate gesture, as convinced every one that he understood, and even felt the subject. The following verse was given in a manner that actually drew tears from the eyes of his widowed mother:

While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home, wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

I almost envied the little fellow the kisses he obtained for this performance—for some of them were from lips that—

——'But no more of that!'

Mr. C. was highly delighted, and taking the boy between his knees, began to examine him in the first rudiments of education. I soon perceived that he was no prodigy—no hot-bed plant, forced into bloom, and stuck up in a window for the wonder of a moment. The little which Master Harry had acquired, (and but little ought to be expected, or wished for, at that age)—was really acquired—what he had learned, he retained. He knew nothing about the languages or astronomy; but he knew how to spell and read uncommonly well, when the language and subject were within the reach of his tender intellect. He could explain and illustrate, in his simple manner, all the terms of geography; but had never yet had his brains bewildered with the unintelligible [to children] jargon of Grammar.

Whenever Mr. C. proposed a question beyond his reach, he modestly confessed his ignorance, always referring to his older brothers, George and William, the latter twelve, and the former fourteen years of age.

'George can answer that, sir. He knows every thing. And William has learned a great deal more than I have.'

'Every thing,' repeated Mr. C., 'he must be a wonderful boy, indeed. Mrs. Pertly I should be happy to see your other sons; particularly Master George, for I have never yet met with a lad who knew half of every thing.'

'Well, you shall see now,' replied Harry—'here they come.'

The two lads now made their appearance, and though much more diffident (or bashful, if you please) than the little pet who now gladly escaped from the interrogatories of Mr. C., they still saluted the company with a tolerable share of ease and propriety. The learned lexicographer, after winning their confidence by a few affectionate and conciliatory observations, proceeded to examine them in the various branches they had studied, and confessed himself astonished at their proficiency. The exercises comprised English grammar, geography, history, and

cient and modern, biography, use of the globes, and algebra, with their applications to mensurations. George had gone through book-keeping, and had just left school to take a situation in his uncle's counting house.

'I must say, Mrs. Pertly, that you are peculiarly happy in your children. Your daughter's accomplishments are very well known, [here he was rewarded with a sweet smile from the young lady, accompanied with a scarlet blush, and a vain attempt to utter some reply,] and as for the young gentlemen, I rarely, if ever, met with such promptness, judgment, and decision, as they have displayed in answering my questions. Who has been their teacher, madam?'

'Mr. M'Gowan, sir, in William-street, near Frankfort, just above Christ's church.'

'The very school to which I send my little girls,' said Mr. C.; 'and they improve very fast under the management of the lady who superintends the female department.'

Mr. C. was here interrupted by my little cousin, exclaiming—

'Pshaw! what a shallow critic!'

'Whom do you mean, my dear,' asked Mrs. Pertly—'some writer in that paper?'

'Whom else could I mean?' said Prissy, who held in her hand the New-York Mirror of July 16th. 'He speaks in the highest terms of all the ladies attached to the Chatham theatre, except the one who most deserves commendation.'

'A very common fault, with dramatic critics,' coolly observed Mr. Fribble.

'There is not a more deserving actress on the American boards, than Mrs. Hughes,' said Prissy, with considerable warmth, 'and I am astonished that this writer is the only one that has not discovered it.'

'Perhaps he is enlisted under the red rose,' said Wiseacre, 'and dare not speak in favour of the white. But whatever be the cause of his partiality, I am as sensible as you of its injustice. In such characters as Cora, Mrs. Hughes has not an equal in America; and her Helen, in the tragedy of Wallace, was never surpassed in the world. I am not often moved by fictitious sorrow, but I am not ashamed to confess that I wept at the sorrows of Helen.'

'Great let me call her, for she conquered me.'

But there is one consolation for players of both sexes—they are generally criticised by scribblers, who are as ignorant of the subject as I am of preaching. And yet, I am quite sorry to add, that nineteen in twenty of our citizens, have no opinion of their own, until they adopt one from some of the newspapers.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a new character, a personage who shall be noticed in my next number. W.

JEALOUSY is a noxious creeper, which, whenever it is suffered to entwine around true affection, retards its growth, blasts its blossoms, and corrodes its fruit.

AGRIGENTUM.

This city was besieged by Hannibal, A. M. 3593. The besieged were so pressed by famine, that all hopes of relief seeming desperate, they resolved to abandon the city. The reader will naturally imagine to himself the grief with which these miserable people must be seized, on their being forced to leave their houses, rich possessions, and their country. But the most grievous circumstance was, the necessity they were under of leaving the sick and aged, who were unable either to fly or to make the least resistance.

ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

The clash of war ran loud;
The sword of slaughter gleam'd;
But shriller from the starving crowd,
The voice of anguish scream'd;
Many arose in haste to fly—
Then dropp'd upon the roads—to die!

Death stalked the streets each day,
And from his armed hand
Dealt the deep blow of agony,
Shriek'd—horror to the land!—
As in a frightful dream men slept—
Mothers look'd on their babes—and wept:

And there sat one yet young,
An old starved man her care;
Nor painter's hand—nor poet's tongue,
E'er pictured maid as fair—
Each feature's grace, her curls' dark braid,
Seem'd by Love's self, Love's genius made.

Beauteous she sat—while he
Bade her in flight to seek
Hersafety, and the enemy
Not half the woe could wreak:
The thought would sooth his direst hour,
To know his child had 'scaped their power.

Then she would kiss his brow:—
And to his calls to fly,
Said, were the foe upon them now,
There were full time to die:—
She would not leave his snow-white head,
For foeman's rabble foot to tread.

Next her young lover came,
The city walls were thrown;
And to escape from death—from shame—
One moment was their own:
That lost, then passed their only chance,
Each street would gleam with sword and lance.

Think of their brutal hand,
A maiden thou—and fair—
O! haste thee—fly this ruined land,
For love and life elsewhere!—
Her father gazed upon her face:—
She wept—but did not quit her place.

Father, I have a vow!
Life seem'd almost to flee—
Go, dear youth—oh, leave me now—
I may not follow thee:
The Gods be with thee—plead no more—
Leave me, and seek some happier shore.

He's gone—she's left alone—
Alone among the dead;
Her sire has breath'd his dying groan,
In blessings on her head.
Her eyes dwell on one spot—there past
Her lover—there he gazed his last:—

The deeply shrouded sun
Upon the vault appears;
Like hope—when every joy is gone,
Seen through the mist of years:
That ray we view when sorrows press,
Pointing to distant happiness.

The red sun's light is there,
In sombre radiance shed;
Upon a slaughter'd maid—so fair,
You would not deem her dead:
One arm an aged man clasps round:—
Her life-blood weeps along the ground.

London Lit. Gazette.

A LADY'S FOOT.

From the Monthly Anthology.

WHAT in nature is so beautiful, so lovely, so tender, as the little foot of a fair lady! Surely this sweet part of the human form was made for execution yet unknown.—The hand is used by orators to give force to utterance, and strength to expression of the strongest passions. In grief, the hand is irresistibly drawn to the bosom, and its pressure gives relief. The finger pointed in scorn is the plainest signal of contempt, and the hands clasped and lifted to heaven, is the most solemn of all expressions. I have seen a sweet woman in grief, and there was more sorrow in the attitude of her hand, and more meekness and plaintiveness in a certain mournful position of her fingers, than in the holiness of her uplifted countenance, or in the tear-drops that hung on her eyelashes.—If the hand is so powerful and efficient an engine of the soul, why should the foot be considered merely the pedestal of the human statue! What gives the march to the hero, the stride to the conqueror, fleetness to the lover, and the bewitching balance of attitude to woman? Who knows

The love that slumbers in a lady's foot?

If the cavalier throws himself at the feet of his mistress, why should not his lips press and breathe on them the spirit of love? Why should not his hands impart to them the thrillings of its touches? Oh, how I have started, and longed for a *mol-liter manus imposuit*, when I have beheld Crispin with his measure at the foot of a lady! Oh, how I have shuddered, when I have seen Belinda's dear little foot sink for ever out of sight in the pitchy abyss of his palm! Oh, how have I quaked, when I have seen the dear little thing swallowed up for ever in the gripping jaws of his fist! How, too, has my fancy caught fire, when sitting at an awful distance from Dorinda, I have espied this sweet little integer nestling and cuddling on her crick-et! How has my imagination transformed the vile four-legged stool into a little shrine, and her foot into the offering of beauty to love!!!

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

The following extracts from "Holman's Travels," may serve to convey some idea of the character and habits of the Russian women:

"Nothing can be more fascinating than a Russian ball or dress party, where the ladies exhibit all the taste of our Gallic neighbours, and which, it must be confessed, on such occasions, surpasses that of our fair countrywomen. The latter, however, transcendantly outrival all other women in the world in their morning costume; in short, it is the neatness and simplicity of her dress at the breakfast table, that the English lady evinces a degree of propriety and elegance, to which no parallel can be found. The ladies of Russia, indeed, pay so little attention to their personal appearance, that, throughout the morning, the hair is generally seen in paper, and the body inelegantly enveloped in a loose robe, *sans corset*.

"The Russian ladies are not generally considered handsome; nor is this the mere invidious observation of a stranger, for the Russian gentlemen themselves are disposed to admit the superior charms of other females; and I have frequently heard them speak, with rapturous delight, of the beauty of their Polish neighbours. To assert, however, that there are no handsome women in Russia, is a libel not to be credited; at all events, the exceptions are most [not] numerous; and if they are not all beautiful, they are generally amiable, frequently fascinating, and possessed of many of the virtues that adorn the female sex.

"There is one habit attached to the ladies of this country which, in my opinion, detracts materially from the interest they would otherwise excite in the eye of an Englishman—the disgusting custom of taking snuff, and for which I can imagine no reasonable excuse. They are also more intensely devoted to card-playing than is rational, or consistent with mere amusement. I knew a married lady, with a young family, who had such a passion for these occupations, that the cards or snuff-box were scarcely ever out of her hands. I also heard of an instance where a priest came to confess a lady while engaged at cards, when he was requested to wait until she had finished her game."

On the 8th of April, 1814, after the levee was over, at the moment when *Monsieur*, now Charles X. was about to return to his apartments, a French officer approached him, and addressing him in a mingled tone of embarrassment and fear, "Sir," said he, "I come to offer my services to your Royal Highness, but it is my duty in the first place to inform you that I have served for twenty years in the armies of the Republic and of Napoleon." The prince replied in the most gracious tone, "Sir, what you there learned will be of great utility to the service of the King."

CHERRY AND FAIR STAR.

At Washington, this play has been got up with considerable taste and effect, considering the limited means possessed by the company, owing to the slender patronage which the theatre has received there since its opening this season. It was performed on Monday night, and was received with some success. In the midst of the performance, while every eye was sparkling with delight, our old favourite and friend, Jefferson, whose jibes, and songs, and flashes of merriment, were wont to set the theatre, as well as 'the table in a roar,' in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, indeed, as if by some fairy wand, was deprived of speech; yes, became dumb! Notwithstanding all his efforts to give utterance to his part, none but the most harsh and unintelligible sounds escaped him.—In this distressing situation he continued about fifteen minutes, when, to the astonishment, and infinite gratification of a sympathising audience, the faculty of speech, of which he had be-

come so unaccountably deprived, was, as miraculously restored to him; and we are happy to add, that Mr. J. is now in good health.

Washington Paper.

WOMAN.

It has been often remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like a woman's heart: and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow rather than the light of the sad lamp that watches it; let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait, alone and sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn into his chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is, most perfect, will tire, his eyes will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterise his nature, and prove, in one instance at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and owns no recollection of self.—In silence, and in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified term may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir, or whisper, of the now more-than-ever loved one who lies under the hand of human affection. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not waken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort, and devotion; and thus, night after night she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all her earthly watchfulness has failed: her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature, that at other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

FEMALE PIETY.

PIETY communicates a divine lustre to the female mind: wit and beauty, like the flowers of the field, may flourish and charm for the season; but let it be remembered, that like the flowers of the field, those gifts are frail and fading: age will nip the bloom of beauty—sickness and misfortune will stop the current of wit and humour—in these gloomy seasons Piety will support the drooping soul like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

Many who seem to carry the liberty of the people highest, serve them like trouts—tickle them till they catch them.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1825.

"Vindex" has our warmest thanks for his communication—but as it is not our wish to extend the controversy in which we have been engaged beyond the present period, we must omit its insertion. To know that we have met the wishes and gained the approbation of our readers, is a gratification which we cannot express, but which we duly appreciate.

The Junto of the Mirror are noticed, for the last time, on the cover of this Journal.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

July 16.—*Rosina, and Forty Thieves*.—Of late we have given but slight notices of the performances at this house; not from partial motives, or because there was want of merit. This theatre has many claims upon public favour at this period of its infancy. The engagements that have been made of respectable performers, and the exertions to render it a place of respectability and moral amusement, if persevered in, cannot fail of making the establishment prosperous. We are much pleased to see such pieces presented as those brought forward on this evening: the vocal and comic talents of the company are admirably calculated for the representation of such entertainments. *Rosina*, or the Reapers, was well sustained in all its parts. Mrs. Burke's *Rosina* was a delicate and finished performance; her execution of the charming songs in her part was equal to what might have been expected from so celebrated a vocalist. Mr. Garner not only sings delightfully, but he is no mean actor; we have seldom seen the part of Captain Belville so well sustained. Mr. Simpson is a good rustic actor and comic singer, and therefore the part of William did not suffer in his hands. Superior singers are seldom good actors; at least such has been observed to be the case with male vocalists. Mr. Howard, who performed Mr. Belville this evening, although he cannot be pronounced a good comedian, as a vocalist is highly meritorious; he has a clear and melodious voice, and what is a great excellence in a singer, is perfectly distinct; there is some sense in his sounds—a quality few vocalists sufficiently appreciate.

The *Forty Thieves* has been brought out at this theatre with a degree of splendor rarely equalled in this country; nothing can surpass some of the scenery in magnificence; the view of the lake particularly reflects great credit on the talents of Mr. Coyle, by whom we understand it was painted. We should have thought the stage of Chatham Theatre hardly large enough to give effect to the representation of this piece; but the economy of the stage is so well managed, that we scarcely think of the circumscribed limits of the performers. Mr. Roberts can hardly fail in any character he attempts; his Ali Baba is more than a respectable performance—it is excellent. This gentleman we conceive only second to Mr. Hilson in this country in versatility of comic powers; if he leaves us any thing to regret in his performances, it is that he should not depend more upon his own original sources, and less frequently descend to an imitation of others; still, we are aware that good mimicry is amusing to the multitude, and Mr. Roberts undoubtedly the best at present in this country. Mrs. Waring's *Morgiana* was lively and characteristic, and called forth the loudest applause from the audience. Mr. Simpson, as *Mustapha*, was highly comic, and provoked us to much laughter.